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RACIAL MYTH AND FAMILY TRADITION-WORSHIP AMONG THE PART-HAWAIIANS

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THE absence of ritualized racial mores and social legislation defining the status of each race and mixed racial group in Hawaii leads observers to conclude that the mixed bloods in this Polynesian microcosm live the life of an ordinary individual. It is assumed, for example, that their spiritual, social, and racial problems are those of any racial group; that no stigma is attached to their hybrid constitution; that the general race problems of half-castes elsewhere do not enter their lives; and, finally, that their bi-racial estate interferes in no serious way with congenial social relationships with representatives of their parental racial stocks. A cursory examination of case studies and life histories of several hundred persons and families of mixed racial ancestry, however, reveals a phenomenal socio-psychological process quite peculiar to these racial blends. There is developed among them an accommodation pattern which endeavors to justify, prove, or even to compensate for their bi-racial status. This pattern assumes two forms: racial myth and family tradition worship. Racial myth is cherished by the Chinese-Hawaiians, and family tradition worship is practiced by the Caucasian-Hawaiians.

An analysis of the testimonies of the Chinese-Hawaiian hybrids reveals that these racial blends have evolved a race doctrine of the superiority of the "Chinese blood" and the contamination of the "Hawaiian blood." The belief in the destructiveness of native blood may be traced partly to the comparatively low status that the Hawaiians occupy in the community. Moreover, their empirical observation and intimate social contacts with representatives of this ethnic stock have led them to conclude that the natives do not show up well in educational attainment, economic achievement, and intellectual capacity, and that they possess characteristics or temperamental traits and habits of life that are more or less distasteful.

> A Hawaiian is always a Hawaiian—no matter how educated he is, he is always a Hawaiian. He never succeeds in business. I don't like Hawaiians. I

don't care to have anything to do with them. In business they are just the same. From a business standpoint they are failures. I have no credit for Hawaiians in my book. In business with them I always lose out. They never pay their bills. It's funny, but the Hawaiians never look ahead. It is always just for today and that's all they care. If they get a job they do something wrong—embezzle money and things like that and then they go down. You never see a Hawaiian in business. There's only one Hawaiian in this territory who owns a store—he is in Kona, but you don't see any other. If they see another Hawaiian climbing they get jealous and they want to pull him down. I don't know why they are like that. I have wondered myself why they are that way.

I think I waste a lot of my time on my own kind, I mean the Hawaiians. They are not enlightening, not developing, not progressive people. . . . The natives are really not progressive people. All they do is to eat and sleep and play the guitar.

I'm a Hawaiian myself and I hate to say this, but I don't care much for them . . . they are not ambitious people. Their only ambition is to play music. They don't care for anything else. Then you see a Hawaiian does not come to work after a pay day. Pay day today and the next day no work. I don't know what they do with their money, but I think they drink a lot. Sometimes he gets drunk on his job or does something wrong and he gets kicked out. . . . It's hard for a Hawaiian to get a job.

I don't like their ways. They are funny. I think they are silly. They don't behave decently on the street. They misbehave. I know when I go out with them I feel funny when they don't behave decently.

I don't care to mingle with them because most of them are not educated. They don't do anything; most of them are loafers and I don't care to go with loafers.

They are so dirty. They eat just like pigs with their hands. Gee, there's one Hawaiian boy who sits right next to me . . . and his feet are full of dirt and mud. Gee! dirty, can't stand it! And over here (pointing to his neck) full of dirt. When I see him like that I turn my back to him.

I hate Hawaiians, oh, I hate Hawaiians! If you treat 'em good they come back and treat you bad. If you do good to them, they do bad to you. They talk about you and tell all kinds of things about you. That's true, I feel this way. If you say something they tell people something you never said. That's how they make trouble. . . . They are jealous people.

I hate Hawaiian! Oh, Hawaiian kind of low. I wish I didn't have any Hawaiian blood. I regret I have Hawaiian blood.

Thus the word, Hawaiian, evokes unpleasant experiences and mental images of meagre attainments and racial stigma.

On the other hand, the Oriental-Hawaiians ascribe to the "Chinese blood" all the desirable attributes and qualities that abstractly constitute general success. It is their religious belief that a drop of Chinese blood, like the magic wand of a fairy, is capable of transforming an individual into a being of foreordained fortune and happiness. Conversely, a preponderance of "Hawaiian blood" spells a predestined life of futile endeavors and bitter disappointments. Says a Chinese-Hawaiian mother:

For me I think the Hawaiians are very slow. They take a long time to do a thing. I know with my children when I tell them to do a thing they take a long time. They take a long time to think too. I tell my husband that the children have too much Hawaiian blood; that's why they are so slow. [Husband is Hawaiian.] He doesn't say anything. I guess he knows it himself. I'm disappointed in my children. I wish they had more Chinese blood. My children are not like me. I like to move fast, work hard, and do things quick. My oldest brother is a real Chinese. He has real Chinese blood in him. He is always working day and night. If you go to his home you feel uneasy because he is always working. . . . All my brothers show Chinese in them. It's just this Chinese blood that makes them work hard, makes them ambitious and want to climb up.

This racial myth is a real thing to these hybrids. Parents regard it as an infallible truth, for they are convinced that nothing in this world could be assayed to counterbalance this "contaminable Hawaiian blood." It is one of undebatable biological inheritance—a law of nature that defies exceptions. Thus many ambitious parents cherish a secret hope that some of their children will espouse Orientals and, in this wise, prevent the bleaching out of the miraculous "Chinese blood."

I made this boy marry this Chinese girl. I'm going to try to make all my boys marry Chinese because I want the Chinese blood to go on. I have two grandchildren that are half-Chinese and I am so glad. I am proud of my Chinese blood.

So deeply instilled is this doctrine of Chinese superiority in the minds of these racial blends that bitterness toward the Oriental group effects no modification in their reason or attitude toward this belief. The doctrine is infallible; one must admit it regardless of his attitude and feelings toward the Chinese. Says a college student:

I hate Chinese so much . . . sometimes I regret I have Chinese blood. Sometimes I ask my mother why she married a Chinese. My mother would say that if I didn't have any Chinese blood, I would be like other Hawaiian girls—don't go to school. She said I wouldn't be going to school now. That's true too. This is something that you can't deny—it's true and I believe it is true.

In sum, the Chinese-Hawaiians have evolved a doctrine of biological racial differences which is based partly on the social status of each of their parent races as defined by Hawaiian society, and partly on their intimate in-group social contacts with the Chinese and the Hawaiians. The abstract desirable traits are attributed to the Asiatics, while to the natives are imputed all the undesirable as well as obnoxious characteristics.

The white-Hawaiians, on the other hand, find self-gratification not in race doctrines but in family traditions of antiquity. Their myth lies in the glorious deeds of their ancestors and the grandeur and pomp of the past.[1] Their family traditions are sung in prose, poem, blank verse, legend and chant of native formation. The white founder of the family is a hero of worship, and he is invariably depicted as one of the outstanding characters in the history of the Hawaiian kingdom. He had rendered invaluable services to the monarchy for which he was rewarded

[1] It should be noted that the original parents of the Caucasian-Hawaiian families studied were people of high social rank in monarchial Hawaii.

acres of land extending "from the mountain to the sea." Moreover, he was elevated to the status of an *alii*, or chief, and his life thereafter moved in royal and chiefly circles. "He was always with the king!" Then ensue the precedences the hero established and the distinguished acts associated with his name. They flow in this vein: he was the first pilot at Honolulu harbor; he was the man who designed the first Hawaiian flag; he was the first commander of the Hawaiian fort; it was he who introduced into the islands the first pineapples, peaches, grapes, mangoes (and what-nots); the safe landing of the first missionaries was due to his strong influence on the king; he was one of the advisers and right hand men of Kamehaemeha the Great; he thwarted the attempts of the Russians to colonize one of the islands; and finally, he was made *keiki*, or the sacred son, of the Hawaiian monarch. A woman of only one-eighth Hawaiian and seven-eighths Caucasian extraction exclaimed: "*My* family made Hawaiian history!", but it unfortunately happens that many other families had contributed to the history of Hawaii.

The maternal ancestor is described as an *alii* of high chiefly rank. In some cases her lineage is painstakingly traced to the first king of Polynesian Hawaii! The familiar refrain runs in this wise: she was adopted by the royal family and was reared in the household of the king and the queen; no man could marry her without the permission of the high chiefs; only a man who could perform extraordinary feats of valor could win her parents' favor. The practice of recording the genealogy of her ancestral line continues to this present day. Each new generation is faithfully added to the family genealogy book, and family prayer books and traditions are transmitted to posterity with cherished sentiments. Brothers and

sisters, first cousins and second cousins, grand-offspring and great-grand-children vie with each other to gain possession of their family genealogy record and family prayer book and documents. Jealousy and strained relationships among them are no unusual phenomenon, for there is frequently disagreement as to who may be the legitimate heir to the precious vestiges of the glorious past.

The forms or ways in which the sacred traditions of the family are preserved and transmitted to posteriory vary greatly. Besides the written chants, poems, and legends, there are the material things such as jewelry, photographs, flags, and other heirlooms. Another way of keeping alive the family traditions is the practice of bestowing on offspring Hawaiian appellations which are so coined as to convey in concise form certain historical incidents embodied in the family traditions. Still another way of preserving the family's cultural heritage is the transmission of an exclusive and hereditary family occupation. The latter is not a general occurrence, however.

In this wise, then, the white-Hawaiians pursue their tradition worship to satisfy their inner desire for social recognition. It is significant to note, in passing, that a preliminary analysis of a few genealogies reveals that family groups which cling most tenaciously to tradition worship exhibit the least tendency to outmarry. Marriage within the bi-racial boundary (Caucasian-Hawaiian and white) seems to hold sway.[2] Racial solidarity within the hybrid family group of this nature probably indicates a desire of these white-Hawaiians to remain as nearly as possible white.

A comparison of the two forms of accommodation developed by these two groups of mixed bloods reveals that the Chinese-Hawaiians concern themselves with life in the future, while the Caucasian-Hawaiians submerge themselves in past events. The former lives abstractly in the future and the latter dwells vicariously in the past. As a matter of fact, the white-Hawaiians actually pursue certain forms of conduct which they value most highly and which they desire to see continued in their family group. For example, social class distinctions are maintained as much as possible; emphasis is placed on formality, etiquette, and refined conduct; reserved, dignified, and sometimes snobbish appearance is countenanced; and the ancient practice of concealing one's genealogy and family history from the curious outsider is observed with inordinate pride.

Thus, the two major groups of hybrids—the Chinese-Hawaiian and the Caucasian-Hawaiian—have each discovered an outlet for self-expression and self-satisfaction. The Oriental-Hawaiians have developed a neat racial myth on the superiority of the Chinese blood and the contamination of the Hawaiian blood, and the white-Hawaiians have instituted family tradition worship.

Now that we have seen what constitutes the racial myth of the Chinese-Hawaiians and what is embodied in the family traditions of the Caucasian-Hawaiians, let us turn to the meaning and significance of these phenomena and the underlying social forces responsible for their appearance. Let us also ascertain the factors which may have influenced the form of accommodation pattern pursued by each of the hybrid groups.

These two mental processes are attempts of the hybrids to accommodate themselves to their bi-racial constitution. Because of the sharp physical and cultural differences and social status between the Chinese and the Caucasians, racial problems must necessarily differ in degree. Hence a Chinese-Hawaiian mixed blood faces those racial problems that are peculiar to his racial combination, and a Caucasian-Hawaiian confronts those that his racial make-up provokes.

[2] See M. Lam, "Intermarriage in Hawaii," *Journal of Sociology and Social Research*, XVII, No. 2 (November-December, 1932), 159-166.

The racial myth may be viewed as a counterpart of the mental conflicts and rationalizations of the Chinese-Hawaiians. It is a doctrine that mirrors the secret reflections of their bi-racial constitution and their inner craving to be identified with some socially recognized racial group. It reveals a desire for status—a longing to be somebody, an aspiration for achievement—as well as a wish for security. Moreover, this racial myth represents a polite and inoffensive way of proclaiming biological superiority over the native Hawaiians. It is a belief that has been incorporated in their racial mores. Finally, there is revealed in this race doctrine a desire to escape the stigma attached to the natives. The Hawaiians occupy a low social status in the Polynesian microcosm, and consequently they are regarded and treated by the other ethnic groups as an inferior race. Thus the persistent flaunting of the "Chinese blood" and its inherent superior merits is virtually a pleading cry to the world for recognition of their Oriental affinity and for disregard of their Hawaiian mixture.

Tradition worship is practiced by the white-Hawaiians because their problems and endeavors center around the task of displaying the grandeur of the past and that of proving their "worth." But, one queries, why do they feel compelled to prove their worth? How do they differ from the Chinese-Hawaiians in this respect? The explanation lies in the cold or unfriendly attitude of the whites toward these fair hybrids. In some quarters they are looked upon askance—as mere half-breeds—for opprobrium is attached to inter-racial marriage. In some white localities, the *Haoles* constitute a very exclusive social group, and penetration into this élite class is naturally difficult. Furthermore, white repulsion is sharper and consequently more painful than repulsion from the Chinese. It must be understood that in the past admittance into Chinese society entailed no stringent qualifications. Race discrimination and consciousness among the Chinese is only a recent phenomenon. But the whites, particularly the Nordics or *Haoles*, have erected more or less consistently racial bars between them and the half-castes. There have been exceptions, but these remain always extraordinary cases.

The white-Hawaiians, in other words, have been rejected and given a derogatory status by their paternal race. It is only natural for them to react by proving that they are descendants of ancestors of distinction, chiefly status, wealth, as well as ability. Having their wishes for recognition and security thwarted, it is indeed natural that they seek expression of them by reliving the ancestral life of grandeur and splendor. Thus tradition worship arose as a response to the disparaging attitude of the whites toward them and as an outlet for expression of their inner urges.

In sum, the Chinese-Hawaiians and the Caucasian-Hawaiians have each developed a form of behavior pattern that answers most completely the inner drives of their lives. These forms—racial myth and family tradition worship—are attempts at accommodation to their bi-racial constitution and to the attitudinal behavior of their parental paternal races toward them. It should be borne in mind that this type of accommodation occurred only in the group of hybrids that was studied. It remains for further investigation to ascertain how general this accommodation pattern is with regard to the entire mixed blood population in Hawaii.

shopping of Chinese delicacies but this prosperity is brief. Many of the traditional festivals have lost their flavor and the consumption of Chinese goods has suffered in proportion.

The decline of the rice industry has severed one of the principal market channels for Chinese goods. Surplus goods can no longer be dumped into the rice plantations. Today there are five ranking importers of Chinese goods in Honolulu but a large part of their business is with non-Chinese. Seven smaller stores deal chiefly with the Chinese population and in another decade this number may be further reduced. More and more the Chinese merchants, of whom there were 160 in Honolulu in 1934, are catering to Americanized and Hawaiianized tastes.

In addition, Chinese banks have developed where the Chinese can deposit their earnings and some even deposit with banks in Hongkong. Many buy insurance policies, bonds, stocks and other investments. The earnings of the Chinese are no longer deposited with the store-keepers. However, the postal system of sending letters and money still remains, for no responsible system has emerged in its place.

The Chinese store of today is only a shadow of the once unique institution. Its original economic support has largely disappeared and many of the stores have changed their character to meet the demands of a non-Chinese clientele. A very few of the stores remain where the old Chinese men still gather in the familiar atmosphere to relive memories of the past.

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Leaves from the Life History of a Chinese Immigrant*

By ELIZABETH WONG

LIFE IN A CHINESE VILLAGE

"Lucky come Hawaii? Sure, lucky come Hawaii," said Mrs. Teng, pushing back her black hair with her hands which showed signs of hard labor. "Before I come to Hawaii I suffer much. Only two kinds of people in China, the too poor and the too rich. I never can forget my days in China," said she, her mouth falling into a smile revealing a pretty good set of teeth. She is proportionally built for her five feet four.

"In a small crowded village, a few miles from Hong Kong, fifty-four years ago I was born. There were four in our family, my mother, my father, my sister, and me. We lived in a two room house. One was our sleeping room and the other served as parlor, kitchen, and dining room. We were not rich enough to keep pigs or fowls, otherwise, our small house would have been more than overcrowded.

"How can we live on six baskets of rice which were paid twice a year for my father's duty as a night watchman? Sometimes the peasants have a poor crop then we go hungry. During the day my father would do other small jobs for the peasants or carpenters. My mother worked hard too for she went every day to the forest to gather wood for our stove...

"Sometimes we went hungry for days. My mother and me would go over the harvested rice fields of the peasants to pick the grains they dropped. Once in a while my mother would go near a big pile of grain and take a handful. She would then sit on them until the working men went home. As soon as they go we ran home. She clean and cook the rice for us two. We had only salt and water to eat with the rice. Today when I hear my children grumble about the food I wish they could experience what I went through and what the children in China are doing to relieve their hunger.

"Father was suffering from dysentery so my mother went out to look for herbs. My father told me to take the baby out to play and not to come back until late. Being always afraid of him I gladly took the baby out. We were three houses away watching a man kill a chicken. Pretty soon a man came to call me to go home for my father is dead. I ran with my brother on my back and stopped at the door of our house. I took one look at my father dangling from the ceiling and started to run to where I don't know . . .

"Poor people are buried in mats but mother bought a coffin for my father. She had asked the carpenter to give her a few weeks to pay for the coffin and the man agreed. My mother called me to her and put me on her lap.

"Do you want me to remarry or will you be a good girl and go to stay with a certain lady," she said. I told her that I do not want her to remarry but I will go with the lady so that she will have money to pay for my father's coffin. If she did marry again I would have a hard

*(I am using a fictitious name for the lady who has given me her life account. She has used broken English and Chinese. I shall translate her Chinese accordingly and shall try not to change her style.)

time looking for her when I came big. I leaned my head against her breast and if I knew that was the last time I would be so near to her I would have let my brother cry alone.

"I heard my mother tell this go-between lady that she wants me put in the hands of a lady or man who would come to Hawaii because she has heard Hawaii is a land of good fortune. All the other people who went to Hawaii sent money home every time. ("My mother has never told me that I was being sold as a slave until I came to Hawaii my mistress called me names.")

"My mother took off my mourning robes, dressed me in a colored dress with a red string on my hair. I went with this lady to the big house of Mr. Chin, two miles from our village. He was to look me over and I seem to be his choice for he took out ninety dollars to give to my mother. Every year in my age was worth ten dollars. I wished I were older than nine so that my mother could get more money.

"Before the actual parting I was happy and glad to go because I knew I was helping mother. When my mother and me went out of the house I took one look behind and did not want to go. I cried and begged and asked to stay at home. For once I had the sympathy of the neighbors. They cried and told me that I must be a good girl and go so that my mother can get the money to pay the coffin. I quickly wiped my eyes and went with my mother. When we got to this place we went to give our offerings to the temple god. It was eleven o'clock when we came to the gate of Mr. Chin's house. We stayed outside until it was twelve. It is said that it is bad luck to enter a master's house when the time is odd, it must be even time. Again the parting was hard. I ran after my mother but my master held me. He gave me a silver spoon, a jade bowl, sweets, and cakes —all that I always longed for. I was glad to stay forever. Next time when my mother came I did not care to go with her. I was so poor for a long time that those sweet and pretty things took a great hold on me.

"A lady in that house told me that Hawaii had big, fat, very sweet sugar cane—it was better than honey. I crazy for cane that I just waited for the day to come to Hawaii. She also told me that there was hardly anything to do but after I came I found out that this was not true.

LEAVING THE ANCESTRAL VILLAGE

"In 1891 my master and me sailed on the "Billy Jack" to go to my new mistress in Hawaii. We slept on canvass cots and had cheap meat and cabbage for every meal. We could not land in Honolulu because there was small pox on board ship. We went directly to San Francisco and stayed there for two months. I never saw the shape of the land for I was below the ship. When we came back to Hawaii I was locked in the immigration office for three weeks. How happy I was when my boss came to me. I went to meet my mistress who was never pleasant to me.

"The first thing I asked my master was a piece of sugar cane. He said that there is none around the place where we live. How sad I was for I expected cane to be all around.

"Mr. Chin was the owner of a large carpenter shop on Nuuanu street. He had many workers. They cooked our meals and they ate in the shop. I always took the meals home for the family. We lived behind the shop. I had to wash clothes, clean the house and the basin. I also waited on the table and when the family was served then I took my bowl to my master for food. I always ate separately from the family table. Whenever I go back for a second helping my mistress would glare at me. Being afraid I used to press the rice in my bowl so that I had my fill and avoided her glare. Although she called me a "slave girl," a good for nothing girl, and beat me unmercifully I was happy to be in Hawaii. At least I had food in my stomach and ate with a silver spoon.

ON THE ROUGH ROAD TO WESTERNIZATION

"Being a "China Jack" I was tempted by the good taste of the first cookie my mistress gave me. I saw her hang the can on the kitchen wall. As soon as she left the house I helped myself to a cookie and a cup of tea. In my little party she caught me. She took the ruler and beat my fingers to and fro, to and fro. They were all black and blue and she kept on until the ruler broke.

"One day after I had swept the house, washed the clothes I went out to play with the neighborhood children who wanted to have some fun with the "China Jack." I was having a good time when my mistress yelled "slave girl" at me. I went into the house expecting and prepared for the outcome. Afraid that the children outside would hear she stuffed my mouth with a dirty rag and beat me with a bamboo rod. I struggled but of no use. After her anger or jealousy was satisfied she made me clean the house again.

"Before I was real dumb. I was afraid to go to school on account of my mistress not giving me money to buy tablets and pencils. I didn't know how to explain to the teacher that my mistress would not give me money for books. I used to hide from the teacher. My mistress said that a "China Jack" like me need not go to school. I sorry I no go before.

"I used to go to a shoe maker's and take needles from him for my mistress refused to let me use her needles. Behind her back I learned how to sew. When I was sixteen she went to China for four months. I made sure I learned how to sew dresses for myself. Every ten cents that I earned for sewing button holes for the neighboring tailor I saved to buy materials. When my mistress returned from China she wanted me to sew for her. I wasn't very eager because she, herself, wanted to stop me from learning.

"The following year the plague invaded Honolulu. Chinatown was burned down. All I can remember is that we went to live at Kalihi then to Vineyard. We had little to do.

MARRIAGE — A RELEASE FROM RESTRAINTS

"I believe the turning point of my life came when I was eighteen. One morning I overheard my master scold my mistress for wanting to marry me off to a man not of my same group. He said that long ago my mother made him promise that I be married to someone of my own group—Pun Dee. He said that it is only fair to present the recent case to me. I hurried away from the door and waited to be called any minute. I went before them. My master who was always nice to me said that my mother would be happy to know that I am married and on my own. He said that merchant, a Mr. Teng, from Wailuku, Maui, is looking for a bride. He is well-to-do but is forty years old. You are only eighteen. I leave the matter up to you. If he told me that the man was sixty I would have gladly said "yes." Here was my chance to escape from the harsh words of my mistress. Better than suffer some more I accepted.

How he looks like I did not know but with that thought of freedom in mind I slept peacefully for the first time.

"As a fee for my master's successful match making my future husband sent him one hundred fifty dollars, a roast pig, five hundred cakes, a half dozen bottles of wine, and a half dozen chickens. All day I was buying things to take up to my new home. A lady took me down to the boat and when I landed at Kahului I was met by my brother-in-law who took me home to my husband. I became Mrs. Teng. My husband was almost bald but he was very nice to me.

CONTACTS WITH THE HOME VILLAGE

"Right after my marriage I asked my husband to write back to my village in search of my mother. Lucky he asked my former boss for help. I told him of my hard times and how I came to Hawaii. He sent my mother fifty dollars along with that first letter. I was very happy that I cried when I received my mother's letter telling me that my brother is eleven and is watching cows. I wrote home and sent her money to send my brother to school. I only longed to see my mother again. I think I would fall in her arms and cry for days but I never had that chance. She died a year after my husband's death in 1921.

BETWEEN TWO CULTURES BUT ADJUSTED PHILOSOPHICALLY

"The young people of today are very much changed. I cannot understand my daughter-in-law who never trusts me with her son. I am his grandmother. She is so afraid that I might put germs on him. When I have a slight cold I can not go near him. How can I put germs on him? If he is healthy he gets no germs. The small children in China don't have enough to eat and no clothing and yet they don't die. The children in Hawaii have all the good food and clothing so why should they get sick."

With a wistful smile she went on commenting about her mistress. She said that no matter how rich you are or how much better you are than the other person never look down upon him because some day you may be in that person's position. "Today, my mistress lives in a one room house on Vineyard street. Her husband, three sons, and two daughters are dead leaving a son-in-law who told her to get out of his home. Now she know what poor means. She gladly calls me her "daughter" and even if she was mean to me I let that be forgotten. When I see her in town I give her a dollar or two. If she was nice to me maybe I would have been a little more glad to help her.

"My children call me a "jew" because I do not spend for clothes or other unnecessary luxuries. It is not that, I shrudder at the thought of being poor. I was poor for a long while, that much suffering is enough for me. I can not spend here and there because someday I want to buy a new refrigerator, pay for doctor's bills, and pay for any emergency. I must save so that I may have money on hand.

"I am proud of my children. They are very good children and have helped me lots. I am looking forward to the day when I will have my sons, daughters, and in-laws, and grandchildren with me. At present they are scattered on Maui, Kauai, and Oahu. I lucky come Hawaii."

Familial Survivals in Rural Hawaii

By SHIKU OGURA

Kona, Hawaii, is an isolated coffee farming district with a population of about 5,000 Japanese. The geographic isolation with Mauna Loa mountain on the east, the Pacific Ocean on the west, and the wide stretches of "pahoehoe" and "a-a" lava on the north and south extremes, precludes active contacts with the outside and makes possible the preservation of certain familial practices. Kona is sometimes referred to as "Little Nippon" in Hawaii. Marriages, funerals, celebrations, religious observances are practiced similarly to those in Japan thirty or forty years ago.

Marriage is still arranged with the usual formalities. The middleman or *nakodo*, is an important figure in the Kona community, for without him, any marriage is considered an elopement, and the couple's parents lose caste in the community. The romantic conception of marriage, idealized in the American community, sometimes leads the second generation to make their own arrangements, but to save the family's "face" in the community, a middleman steps in as a matter of form. An expert middleman of Kona spoke of the situation as follows: "Sometimes the boy and girl marry without the parents' consent, or without getting a middleman, but I step in as a matter of formality. In some cases, the boy's parents ask me and sometimes I offer my services. Otherwise, the couple would be criticized by the people in the community and would be disowned by the parents. Thus the family relationship is lost."

There are three ways of securing a middleman in Kona. First, the best friend of the family may offer his services; second, the boy, who has reached a marriageable age, may ask a close friend of the girl's family, preferably of the same prefecture; and third, the boy's parents may ask a close friend or neighbor of the girl's family. The last named is the common practice. One middleman said, "Out of fourteen couples whom I have matched, the boys' parents have asked me to act as go-between in three fourths of the cases;" and another middleman said, "I have already matched two couples, and in both cases the boys' parents came to see me to act as a middleman. I have done it as a personal favor."

The parents ordinarily prefer early marriages for their children. Married young people are usually more steady than those without family responsibilities of their own. Furthermore, a daughter-in-law in the house is a great help with the daily chores. But the youngsters today prefer to delay their marriage until they have saved some money. One middleman said, "Nowadays, the youngsters prefer to marry late. Occasionally, the parents get worried over their sons and ask me to encourage them to get married." A young man of twenty-two years said, "My father wants me to marry soon. He tells me that he married when he was thirty-five years old and now he is having a difficult time financially. He wants to retire early and to depend upon me. But I don't want to marry yet. I want to see more of life. I won't marry until I'm thirty or thirty-five years old. My father tells me that if I don't get married soon, I'll fool around girls and drink. I want to show him that I can wait a little longer and